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BFB was never all that it was cracked up to be.

I suppose it's obvious that *I* would think that, isn't it? After all, I *did* destroy it.

I knew, from the moment the first episode began, that I would make a better show. A better host, at that; I was, and am, a very charming and charismatic number. I'd never use my power to harm any of my contestants, I'd shower them with gifts and affection! And I would be oh, *so* much more pleasant than their *previous* host. No more shrieking, no more laser blasts, just Two: your new loving, generous, kind-hearted host.

It was supposed to be so perfect.

But of course, that isn't how it went. I never did become that kind-hearted host; at least, not exactly the way I planned. I suppose by now you've grown curious as to how my story *did* play out.

Well, I'll tell you, dear reader.

Our story begins on March 24, 2020. The day I'd set to finally gain the spotlight. Everything was falling into place, everything was going to plan. I waited for the right moment, then came down to earth, interrupting BFB's newest episode with my arrival.

Four was offended at my presence, having been in the middle of something themself. Always irritable, always bitter. That's the Four I knew. Awful characteristics for a host, if you ask me: all the more reason to do what I needed to do.

I ignored them, they were the least of my concerns at the moment. My attention was locked on my goal; the objects. My future contestants. I put on a friendly smile, and spoke to them.

I made my offer, showed them my power, showed them how much *better* I'd be if they switched to my show. Their eyes were full of awe as I demonstrated my ability, the gift they could've had the chance to recieve.

And do you know what they did, reader?

They walked away.

After contemplating for a moment, a little discussing amongst themselves as to what they should do, they came to the conclusion of refusing my offer.

They saw what I had, what I *was*, and they said no. I offered them everything, and they chose to stick with their current awful excuse of a host. Out of "loyalty". After everything I'd offered! All the work I'd put into them, the hours I spent watching them from afar, working to become the greatest host they'd ever seen, and they didn't even give me a *chance.* It wasn't fair, not at all. I watched them walk away, laughing and smiling with one another as I stood, heartbroken.

All I ever wanted was for them to like me. For *you* to like me, my audience. If only they'd seen that the way I do. I trust that you understand, don't you? Reading my story, surely you understand that I only wanted to be loved, to be seen. I went through extreme lengths just to finally be in the spotlight, I don't think that's too much to ask for.

If they didn't understand, I had to improvise. I had to get their attention... in a more non-traditional way, I suppose.

If they weren't going to allow me into their lives, I'd simply have to bring them into mine. What else was I to do?

They left me no choice.

a/n: i hope you guys like this new version of my story! i know i haven't written anything in a while, i'll try to update this pretty regularly if i can :)